

Za VIII #17

L. angl. o 181

J. Thomson's

S e a f o n s

a new Edition

by

Fried. Gottl. Canzler

Doctor of Philosophy.

Autumn and Winter.

Gottingen,
printed by Barmeier
1796.

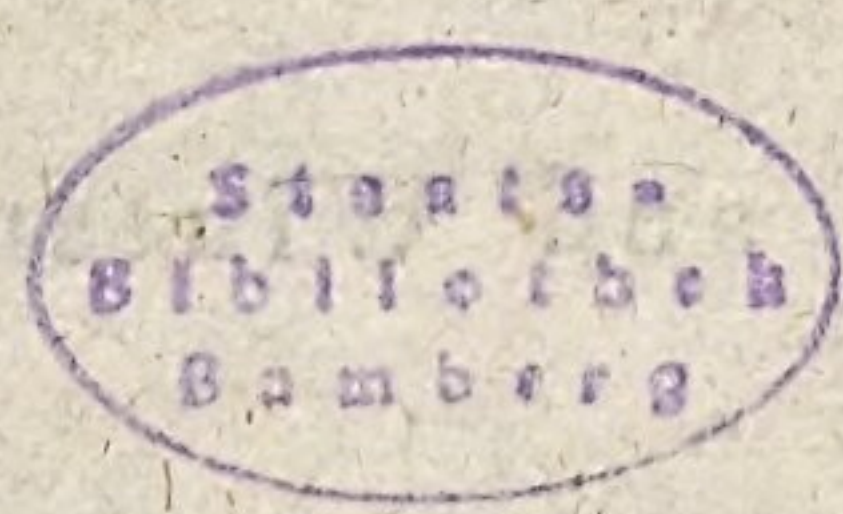
J. Thomson

2nd Edition

A New Edition

Field, George

Doctor of Philosophy



Collected

Printed in Bamberg

A U T U M N.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest, Reflexions in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of foxhunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, — the *Doric* reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various - blossom'd spring 5
Put in white promise forth, and summer - suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,

Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope fierce effulgence shook 25
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below, 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head,
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power;
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life:

Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.

50

Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:

55

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
Then to shelter of the hut he fled;

60

And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

65

But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along;
A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand

70

Of art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast: 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax:
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*; 100
 For this they planu'd the holy guardian-laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
 Impe-

Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal;
 And all the honey of their search to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

105

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

110

115

THEN Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To

120

125

130

To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific', heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within 135
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;

While

While thro' their chearful band the rural talk
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD OF HARVEST is to you; 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN. 180
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades.
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd, 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low - minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to morrow's fare,
 Her form fresher than the - morning - rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

190

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

195

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star

200

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,

Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,

Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

205

But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,

Recluse amid the close - embowering woods,

As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,

Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,

210

A myrtle rises, far from human eye,

And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;

So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,

The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd

By strong Necessity's supreme command,

215

With

With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON'S field. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field! 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

"WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 „By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 „And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 „Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 „Of some indecent clown! she looks, methinks,
 „Of old ACASTO'S line; and to my mind
 „Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 „From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;

„Now

„Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands, 245
 „And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 „Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 „Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 „Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 „His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 „Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 „Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold:
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

„AND art thou then ACASTO's dear remains? — 265
 „She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 „So long in vain? oh heavens! the very same,
 „The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 „Alive, his every feature, every look,
 „More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring! 270
 „Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 „That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 „In

„In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 „The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN?
 „Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275
 „Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 „Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 „O let me now, into a richer soil,
 „Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
 „Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280
 „And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 „It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 „ACASTO's daughter, his, whose open stores,
 „Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart.
 „The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 „The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 „Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 „Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 „But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 „The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290
 „If to the various blessings which thy house
 „Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 „That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While

While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA'S fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam 305
 Of setting life shone on her evening - hours:
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good; the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast,
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft - inclining fields of corn: 315
 But as th' ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invifible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High - beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
 'Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

Shook waste. And sometimes a burst of rain; 330
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave. 335
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game*:
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the masly snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their founding pinions; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,

As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath: the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern:
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook,
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,

With every breeze she hears the coming storm,
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once: 420
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear
 Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight. 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full - descending flood he tries 445
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? his once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack, 455
 Blood - happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

OF this enough. But if the sylvan youth
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd - up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward - band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then 470
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:

Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morafs
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echos tost;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack,
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn: o glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur 495
 Depending decent from the roof; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
 The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with feverer toils,
 With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking firloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side; in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND'S glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chace.
 Then fated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 Of *Maia*, to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoak, 525
 Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

AT last these puling idleneſſes laid 530
 Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
 For ſerious drinking. Nor eſaſion fly,
 Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earneſt, brimming bowls 535
 Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds, 540
 To church or miſtreſs, politicks or gholt;
 In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud,
 'Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul; 545
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd *Cry* of joy,
 The laugh, the flap, the jocund curſe go round;
 While from their flumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the muſic of the day again.
 As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep 550
 The dark night long with fainter murmurs falls:
 So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
 Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
 'Then, ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,

As if the table even itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below, 560
 Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
 The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurrie'd wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,

Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 590
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook 610
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustring nuts for you

The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615
 And , where they burnish on the topmost bough ;
 With active vigour crushes down the tree ;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk ,
 A glossy shower , and of an ardent brown ,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA'S hair : 620
 MELINDA ! form'd with every grace complete ,
 Yet these neglecting , above beauty wife ,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise .

HENCE from the busy joy-refounding fields ,
 In chearful error , let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn , unconfin'd ; and taste , reviv'd ,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit .
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray ,
 From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away . The juicy pear 630
 Lies , in a soft profusion , scatter'd round .
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;
 In species different , but in kind the same ,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
 Of temper'd sun , and water , earth , and air , 635
 In ever-changing composition mixt .
 Such , falling frequent thro' the chiller night ,
 The fragrant stores , the wide-projected heaps
 Of Apples , which the lusty-handed year ,
 Innumerable , o'er the blushing orchard shakes . 640
 A various spirit , fresh , delicious , keen ,
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and , active , points

The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* bard, the second thou 645
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme - unfetter'd verse,
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song;
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind; 650
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, DODINGTON! thy seat, serene and plain; 655
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome, 660
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat; 665
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book 670
 Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,

Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought; 675
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum,
The ruddy fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south; 680
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day; 685
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame, 690
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field, 695
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the massy flood;
That

That by degrees fermented, and refin'd, 700
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press,
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne. 705

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime, 710
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense, 715
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and flow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun 720
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste 725
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still,

Successive closing, fits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all. 730
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)
 Light, uncollected, thro' chaos urg'd
 Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin 735
 To smoak along the hilly country, these,
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks:
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play, 740
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise; 745
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs: 750
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain 755
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love

To

To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray, 760
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts, 765
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed, 770
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes? 775
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load, 780
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaus* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* sullen bounds!
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,

And

And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream! 785
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil; 790
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the * *stony girdle* of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;
 O sweep th' eternal snows! hung o'er the deep 795
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyffinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs, 800
 And of the bending ** *Mountains of the Moon!*
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold! 755
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose.
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!

Deep

* The *Moscovites* call the *Riphean Mountains* *Weliki Cameny-pouys*, that is, *the great stony Girdle*; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth;

** A range of mountains in *Africa*, that surround almost all *Monomotapa*.

Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains, 810
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts; 815
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk, 820
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And welling out, the middle steep, 825
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw. 830
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autum scatters his departing gleams, 835
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and tofs'd wide around,
O'er the calm fky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry flumbers they retire; 840
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months 845
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong 850
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid fky
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose, 855
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' ærial billows, mixes with the clouds. 860

OR where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy ifles

Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge

Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;

Who can recount what transmigrations there

865

Are annual made? what nations come and go?

And how the living clouds on clouds arise?

Infinite wings! till all the plume - dark air,

And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock, 870

And herd diminutive of many hues,

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,

The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks

Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;

Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up

875

The plumage, rising full, to form the bed

Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,

High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,

Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,

880

Invested with a keen diffusive sky,

Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,

Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand

Planted of old: her azure lakes between,

Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth

885

Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;

With many a cool tranfluent brimming flood

Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure parent-stream,

Whose pastoral banks first wak'd my *Doric* reed,

With, filvan *Fed*, thy tributary brook)

890

To

To where the north inflated tempest foams
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest peak:
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage 895
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy *WALLACE* can attest,
 Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!) 900
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
 Too much in vain! hence of unequals bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd, 905
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed, 910
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain?
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil? 915
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,

How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets 920
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
 'That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe; 925
 And thus, in soul united as in name,
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep.

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGILE,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung, 930
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye:
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd. 935
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow;
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate; 940
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great, 945
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,

Plann'd

Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she felt a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round 950
Imbrown; a crouded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view. 955

MEAN-TIME, light shadowing all, a sober clam
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
'The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun, 960
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world, Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate croud,
And soar above this little scene of things; 965
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woe lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead; 970
And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,

Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks, 975
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering fit
 On the dead tree, a full despondent flock!
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes, 980
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey, 985
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below, 990
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest - walks, at every rising gale, 995
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree; 100

And

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!

His near approach the sudden-starting tear, 1005

The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,

The softened feature; and the beating heart

Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!

Inflames imagination; thro' the breast 1010

Infuses every tenderness; and far

Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought,

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such

As never mingled with the vulgar dream,

Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye. 1015

As fast the correspondent passions rise,

As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd

To rapture, and divine astonishment;

The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of human race; the large ambitious wish, 1020

To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,

Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn,

Of tyrant pride, the fearless great resolve;

The wonder which the dying patriot draws,

Inspiring glory thro' remotest time; 1025

Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;

The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;

With all the *social Offspring of the heart.*

OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales; 1030
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear! 1035

OR is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks, 1040
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE! *
 Not *Persian Cyrus*, on *Ionian's* shore,
 E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art; that in the strife, 1045
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 Or in that *Temple* ** where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name; 1050
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,

The

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

** The Temple of virtue in *Stowe gardens*.

The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic land*; 1055
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand, 1060
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds 1065
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes: 1070
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind, 1075
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill. 1080

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,

In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind, 1085
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk, 1090
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop. 1095
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide 1100
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when half-blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
 With keener luster thro' the depth of heaven;
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears, 1105
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once 1110
 Re-

Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light,

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the croud,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes 1113
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven. 1120
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk, 1125
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 'Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self 1130
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd, 1135
 Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,

Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth,
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void; 1140
 Distinction lost: and gay variety
 One universal blot: such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark, 1145
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue, 1150
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph: 1155
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane, 1160
 The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright, 1165
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

And

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round. 1170

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells, 1175
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race, 1180
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away? 1185
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when obliged, 1190
Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own

Again

Again regale them on some smiling day? 1195
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich, 1200
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theater or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd, 1205
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads 1210
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below 1215
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round 1220
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Shook to the wind their cares, The toil-strung youth

By

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast, 1225
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts 1230
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage, 1235
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice* Few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd? 1240
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd, 1245
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night, 1250
 Or

Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all? 1255
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits: whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough, 1260
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale; 1265
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song, 1270
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unfollied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil; 1275
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the flood, in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.

Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek; 1280
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun. 1285
 Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these* 1290
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight; 1295
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar, 1300
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month, 1305
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring, fees her in her every shape;

Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more,
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems, 1310
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade, 1315
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year, 1320
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the fickle swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song. 1325
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost, 1330
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind, 1335
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers:

Or

Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels;

The modest eye, whose beams on his alone

Extatic shine; the little strong embrace

1340

Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,

And emulous to please him, calling forth

The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,

Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;

For happiness and true philosophy

1345

Are of the social still, and smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,

And guilty cities, never knew; the life,

Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,

When angels dwelt, and GOD himself, with Man! 1350

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!

Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!

Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,

World beyond world, in infinite extent,

Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,

1355

Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,

Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep

Light my blind way: the mineral *strata* there;

Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;

O'er that the rising system, more complex,

1360

Of animals; and higher still, the mind,

The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,

And where the mixing passions endless shift;

These ever open to my ravish'd eye:

A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust! 1365
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin, 1370
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
And let me never never stray from THEE!

W I N T E R.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON.
First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a Man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER, comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
'These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing, Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening-sky, Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd,

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.

Since has she rounded the revolving year;
 Skim'd the gay Spring: on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone. 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive;
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur - Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot

His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
'Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
'Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root, 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75

That grumbling wave below. The unfightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd - up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sandèd valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd,
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There

There gatheriug triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'. 105

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeul year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
'To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising flow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

With

With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends th' etherial force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn; 160

Mean-

Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their head,
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

NOR let at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast, 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain:
 Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,

For

For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That utter'd by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd 195
 With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then straight air, sea and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*, 205
 And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train! 210
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken flumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never - fading blifs!

THE keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering; 'till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening-ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which

Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. 'The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 'Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. 'The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair: then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, 265
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,

The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes. 280

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray:
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285

Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!

What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290

His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man:

While round him night restless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,

A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300

Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death

And all the sad variety of pain!
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
Of misery! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty! How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse,
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
In deep retir'd distress! how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish! Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life, 350
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355
The social tear would rise; the social sigh;

And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd 360
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the and 365
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal:
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men

Have

* The jail-committee, in the year 1729.

Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390
 And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenees*,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig

The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts; they howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell; 415

Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass

Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
 Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
 That *voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
 Great moral teacher! *wisest of Mankind!* 445
 SOLON the next, who built his common - weal
 On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,
 The * firm DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds.
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty ** *Rival's* fame.
 E 4 Rear'd

* LEONIDAS. See *Leonidas*, a Poem (by R. Glover) 2 Vols. 8. Lond. 1770.

** THEMISTOCLES.

Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears 465
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late-call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast;
 TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled 475
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame,
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION the *Good*: in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Nor friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a state, AGIS who saw
 Even SPARTA'S self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train. 490
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul

Of

* PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

Of fondly - lingering liberty in GREECE:
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant PHILOPEMEN; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd.
 Her *better founder* first, the light of ROME,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
 SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread. 505
 'Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 'The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 FABRICIUS, scorner of all - conquering gold;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
 Thy ** WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,

E 5

Who

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

** REGULUS.

Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd. 520

TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME.
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*.

And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the *Roman steel* against thy *Friend*.

Thousands, besides, the tribute of a verse
 Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in *sober* state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:

'Tis *Phoebus*' self, or else the MANTUAN SWAIN!
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,

The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk, 535
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful hand
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE. 540

FIRST of your kind! society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling pride, 555
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast? That treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? That eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name? 565
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass,
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,

Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;
 Its springs, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
 And each diffusive harmony unite,
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd; moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
 In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time;
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream

Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic Fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize ;
 Or folly - painting *Humour*, grave himself, 615
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEAN - TIME the village rouzes up the fire ;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin - story round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the founding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round :
 The simple joke that takes the sheperd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss, snatcht'd hasty from the sidelong maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the flap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter - night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt, 640
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul,
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
 Of fatal ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs to dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Deep-thrilling terror shakes; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd. 655

* A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life; permit the *rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every *Muse* has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with *British* scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels
 Even in the judgement of presumptuous *France*;
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense
 The truth of nature, which, with *Attic* point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects,
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 680
 BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again

Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart, 685
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
 And even reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power; as thro' the vary'd maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
 For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed; an thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' etherial niter flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves, 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little felts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, 725
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedge bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread,
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
 And by the frost resn'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the flipperv surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome froolicks bent, the youtsful swains, 760
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine* 765
 Branch'd out in maury a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, vold of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,

On founding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The *then* gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long - resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,
 Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay - twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795

Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night,
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide-roams the *Russian* exile- Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich * *Cathay*,
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour: tippt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies flumbering sullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives

The

* The old name for *China*.

earful-flying race; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see *Boötes* urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery funk,
 Drove martial ** horde on horde, with dreadful sweep 840
 Resistles rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storma.

F 3

No

* The north-west wind,

** The wandering *Scythian*-clans.

No false desires, no pride - created wants;
 Disturb the peaceful current of their days;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled luster from the radiant waste,
 Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chace,
 Or guide their daring steps to *Finland*-fairs. 865
 Wish'd spring returns: and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welkome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And has he nearly 'dipt his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where

where pure * *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses ** *Tenglio* rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in usefel cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains de'er knew 885
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornea's* lake,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself, 890
 Where failing gradual life at length goes out,

F 4

The

* *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on *the Figure of the Earth*,
 after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi*
 in *Lapland*, says — “From this height we had opportunity seve-
 „ral times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people
 „of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guar-
 „dian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of
 „bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a
 „place of resort for *Fairies* and *Genii* than bears”.

** The same author observes — “I was surprized to see upon the
 „banks of this river, (*the Tenglio*) roses of as lively a red as any that
 „are in our gardens”.

The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.

Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice, 895
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard!
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost: 900
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time, 905
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
 And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds,
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge, 910
 Alps frown on alps; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage 915
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,

And

* The other hemisphere.

And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months 920
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head, 925
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON'S FATE,
 As with *first* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage souht, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars. 930
 In these fell regions, in *Arxina* caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued 935
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants, 940
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,

F 5

Here

* Sir. HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH, to discover the north-east passage.

Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song, 945
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace. 950

WHAT cannot active government perform,
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from gothic darkness call'd. 955
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! he
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he raised the *Man*. 960
 Ye Shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A lab'ring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then 965
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And roaming every land, in every port,
 His scepter laid aside, with glorious hand

Unweary'd plying the mechanie tool, 970
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes!
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign; 975
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here 980
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north,
 And awing there stern OTHMAN'S shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, a *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole, 985
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enfore'd,
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd, 990
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts, 995
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;

And

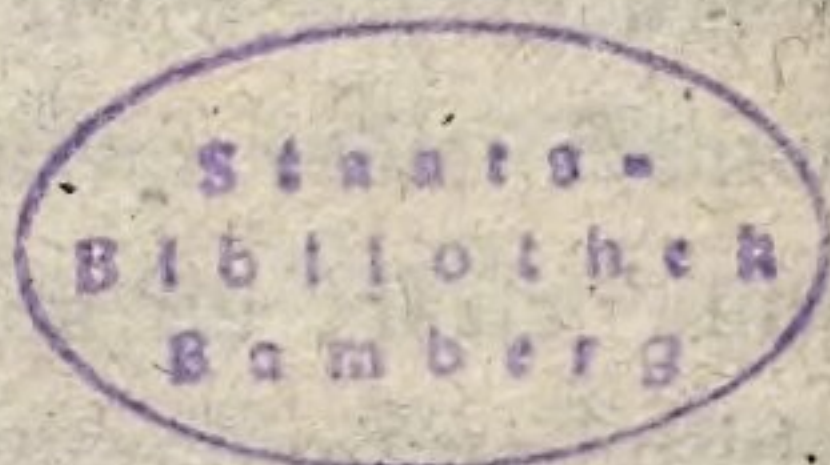
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north; 1000
 But rousing all their waves, restless heave.
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd, 1005
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round? 1010
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now-renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan 1015
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
 Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks. 1020
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever waking Eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

Tis

Tis done! — dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms, 1025
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years, 1030
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes 1035
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives, 1040
Immortal, never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high. — And see!
Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new creating word*, and starts to life, 1045
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme.*
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refind' clears up apace, 1050
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,

And

And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share 1055
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth, 1060
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand 1065
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while;
 And what your bounded view. which only saw
 A little part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all! 1070



Thomson, James

J. Thomson's Seasons Autumn an Winter

Gottingen 1796

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.181

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11716231-4

VD18 12761257-001